

Now They **WILL** Come to the N. E. A. Convention

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Ned Ferry, where you're gone, can you forgive?

An instant's unintended carelessness let fly
One arrow barbed with pain for those who live—

Who loved you in your life, and whom you loved—

A wounding I shall mourn until I die.

THE GHOST THAT ALL MEN SEE.

Why hasn't a man the right to take his own life? Suppose he realizes—maybe early, maybe late—of understanding, is upon him, and yet that he can not do. Suppose he is conscious of the duty, realizes the incentive, appreciates the value and desirability of the reward assured to the successful—and yet is equally conscious that he can not succeed.

Suppose he has gone through many years, his memory scarred with a succession of records that testify to his insufficiency; to his discreditable actions; to his mistakes that were worse than crime because he knows he could have avoided committing them.

Suppose he has married, has lived for years with a woman, and can not for the life of him sit down and remember any reason that wife has for thanking God for her marriage. Suppose he sees children begotten by accident and brought up by chance, and looks in their eyes in vain for evidence that he has reason to expect their gratitude; looks in their lives and sees that the traits transmitted are the weak ones mainly; that whatever of strength he may ever have possessed is lost in the offspring, and only an increased tendency to fail marks the fulfillment of Nature's mighty law.

Suppose he has a sense of the service mankind has rendered, the contributions of the ages, the splendor of self-denial and the triumph of labor—and knows he has missed the laurel of every race.

What good going on? What hope in added

years when even youth's flush morning could not stimulate the struggle? What better day can follow the wasted days? Don't you ever believe Samson found honey in the lion's carcass. That was a riddle. Honey lodges more logically. Carcasses are not so redeemed. Dead lions' bodies have but one proper place—and that is under the ground, under the earth—entirely and assuredly removed and hidden and concealed from the eyes—and the nostrils—of man.

Look at the matter calmly.

Why hasn't a man the right to take his own life?

Because he hasn't. Because his life doesn't belong entirely to him, and even the fact that his associates in interest may be loser by his longer

**The first man over Yellowstone Park
Was Noah, with his unique Ark.**

It is pleasanter now
With a coach than a scow,
If you go by the Wylie Way. Mark.*

*Last word for purposes of rhyme.

dalliance, the obligation is upon him to quit looting, and play even. The obligation is on him to carry his burden, and carry it better than ever he did before.

And it isn't for Hamlet's reason. He wanted to go, but he stopped—chiefly—because he believed the Almighty had set His canon against self slaughter. Of course he had other reasons for staying in the land of the living—the righting of a terrible wrong, the punishment of a very guilty uncle.

But for you and me this ought to suffice: Just in proportion as we are valueless to the Brotherhood of Man, just so much must we recognize that the Brotherhood puts a different and higher valuation upon us. Because society protects our lives and safeguards our property; just because Society insists with silent but constant iteration on a moral code which holds the crowd in order; just because Society points the open way avoiding penalties to every child we love, we must be honest with Society. We must stay. We must carry the burden. We must fight for the strength that conquers failure. We must pray for faith to see the sunshine and escape the cloud. We must catch step sometime, and redeem in later triumphs the lapses of the past.

It would be the crowning act of dishonest dealing to pay with a carcass for all the world's uncounted benefits to us. It would be the very basest treason to take the honey of continued years from the matchless multitude that has attended all the way, and to the debt we owe add but another and a hopeless one.

Some where there is light. Others have found it when they sought. Sometimes it falls late in life. Always it is imminent. And in the hour of its coming must come the recompense for failure—the realization of a life-long hope.

And we have the strength. Oh, there are tides

of life for all of us. Never say die. Never give up the ship. You are as good as any one. Pick up those shreds of courage that once were knitted in the fabric of your faith. Gather again the grim assurance which one day won for you. Shut the teeth at the jaw, and go forward with the ripe resolve to prove your right to manhood's image by manhood's settlement in full. And go down in triumph if you must go down.

Oh, they sheared that fierce old Samson, and took his strength away. They burned his eyes to sightlessness and bound him to their laughter and their work. And he went down in triumph when the great day came. No man in all Philistia ever laughed at Samson after the day of dust and desolation when he buried his foes in the glorious grave with himself, beneath the temple they had filled for his amusement.

Take your life? You have the right only when you can pay the past with the splendid triumph of a present receipt in full.

NO PROFANITY INTENDED.

One of the brightest of the local real estate men suggested that there is no necessity for damming City Creek any way. Be careful to spell the verb with two "m's" instead of two "n's."

Always there is peril in a dam. The break in one up City Creek canyon would spread havoc in many a Salt Lake home.

But there is an admitted need of additional water supply. And the real estate man urges the adoption of a series of pools instead of one big dam.

The thing is feasible. Let the surplus waters be stored in a succession of pools, each connected with the one below by a pipe tapping its reservoir safely above bed litter, and yet well below the surface. The plan permits the storing of all surplus waters in City Creek canyon, and yet obviates both the peril and the expense of a permanent dam.

Dr. Paden's defense and the grave digger's plea for re-instatement are the same "I don't know any other trade!"

WHAT IS A LOBBY.

This is the dictionary's answer:

Lobby—To address or solicit members of a legislative body, in the lobby or elsewhere, with the purpose of influencing their votes; to urge the adoption or pass of by soliciting members of a legislative body.

Woodrow, once King of Jersey, is a great man because he has the ability to learn. He knows more about the lobby now than ever he knew before. He had the funny notion that any influence excepting his influence was "insidious," and consequently to be deprecated. He is getting over that.

Please to note that the wise men who made the dictionary say that the influence intended to affect